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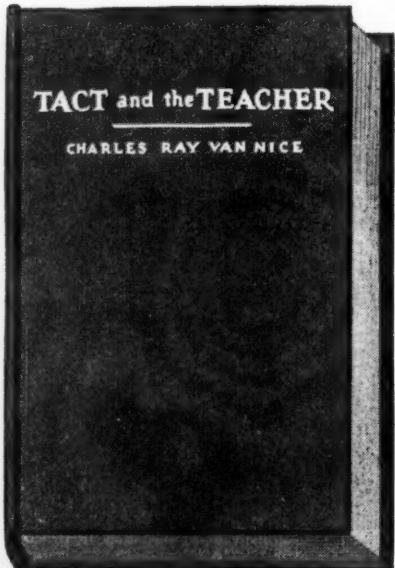
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# SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

*The Extra Curricular Magazine*

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# As the Editor Sees It—

## What Brings the Crowd?

"A little child shall lead them."

A bright sunshiny spring morning did not make it convenient for the congregation to come to church. The preacher delivered his sermon to a faithful handful and a houseful of empty pews. About the only consolation he could get or give was, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

The next Sunday that same church was crowded. It seemed that all the members of the church and all the people within the fringe of its influence were there. Men were present who had not been inside a church for a year. Everybody had come to church. *It was Children's Day.*

The porch pup or lounge lizard does not develop in school; neither does he develop in the home. He is a product of commercialized amusement and of the other agencies at the mercy of which he is thrown during too much leisure time.

When he said, "the evil that men do lives after them," Mark Anthony might have spoken of the school executive. Again and again we hear of the high school principal whose care of funds entrusted to him was questioned after he had left town. It is a mystery why school men do not more generally protect themselves by a sound system of handling finances and by making that system generally known and understood. Unless everyone connected with the school knows how all money is received and paid out,

of the most honest and most respected school head someone will say, "Everybody is wondering what became of all the money he took in."

Yesterday the extra-curricular activities of today, if attempted at all, were sponsored by the home or the church; tomorrow they will be in the curriculum.

There are two distinct types of school parties. One is given as a deliberate part of the plan of the school to develop proper social contacts among its students. The other is the result of the school's giving in to the popular hue and cry started by some loudspeaker who wants an opportunity for a "date" under the alleged chaperonage of the school authorities. No wonder school parties are the best and worst things in school life.

**NEXT MONTH**  
**And in Subsequent Issues:**

- Bargain Day, a monolog by Roy Temple House.
- To Meet the Prince, a one-act play by Ada Murray Felt.
- Home Room Activities, by Evan E. Evans.
- Cossack Russian Dancing, by Leonard Sprague.
- The Assembly, by A. J. Trueblood.
- Some Positive Thinking About the Extra Curricular Program, by Harold D. Meyer.
- Intramural Athletics, by E. R. Elbel.
- Seasonal Games and Stunts.
- Plays and Entertainment Features.
- Money Making Plans, and
- Many Other attractions.

I should like to be a Santa Claus and with my gifts leave a trail of happiness that would envelop every home I know. But there is an office that I should rather have. I should like to be a spirit of Christmas Common Sense whose work it would be to interpose between those who give and those who receive. I should like to be the author of the happiness that would come from tempering the judgment of people. I should like to be the escrow agent in the exchanges of gifts where the givers are not sure what they ought to give. Let Santa minister to those who can be made happy with receiving. Let me do something to lessen the trials of those who prefer to give.

**DEBATING AS A DEVICE FOR EXTRA-CURRICULAR EDUCATION.**

By W. W. BASS,  
High School Principal, Coffeyville, Kansas.

Five years ago on a check-up of the English work in the Coffeyville High School, we found our greatest weakness to be in oral work. It was almost a physical impossibility to get anyone to enjoy talking even before his own class. We tried various forms of oral composition with only mediocre success until we connected it with our debate teams and debate work. After a little while we found that this gave us two advantages. First, much more interest in debate, and second, better work in oral English.

So now, the English courses of the Coffeyville High School have two weeks of debate in the outline for the first semester of each year. We generally use the state high school question and distribute material for each class from the office. This debate work is taken up all over the school at the same time and every child in school must debate in class sometime during the two weeks. In addition to this, each recitation class picks a team to meet other classes and we conduct a sort of elimination tournament until we have picked a sophomore team, a junior team and a senior team. Then we have these final teams debate in assembly for a prize.

Then we hold a tryout for the school team, and from thirty to forty make this attempt. Out of these we pick a squad of about twenty and try to get an equal number from the sophomore, junior and senior classes. From this group we pick the people who represent us in the state debate and other teams that meet B class schools, so that all of these people have at least one inter-school debate. Coffeyville will debate anyone on any subject. One year we entered two leagues for the state debate, using different teams in the two leagues. This year the biology classes are debating a health program. We had a debate on "Better English" before the Parent Teachers' Association. When we first started to use class time in debate the faculty begrimed the time. Now they work it in on any project they can.

During the two weeks we have debate in the English classes. Everyone debates, of course, and we don't have anything

during the year that as large a number of students are really interested in. This is especially true of the sophomores.

Besides these debates, we have had more people in some inter-school debate or other this year than we had out for basketball or football. We had a young people's month in the churches, where each church sent a devotional team around to other churches each Sunday night to talk and conduct the devotional services. Ninety per cent of those people were either in debate at that time or had had that training. Also, several of the adults in charge told me they had no trouble at all in getting people to take those parts and they spoke easily and well.

We have had organized this year, a Junior Chamber of Commerce, and the president and secretary were debaters, and I heard them make announcements and conduct their meetings with an ability most of the older men in our Chamber of Commerce do not have.

I am not holding a brief for debating over other forms of public speaking except for one reason. The State Debate League, fostered by Mr. Ingham, head of the Extension Department of the University of Kansas, gives an impetus to debate that I have been unable to get in any other form of public speaking.

I believe in debate as an extra-curricular activity because its results are good and the pupils are interested in it and now, even call for debate in the club work of the Junior High School, so that they can beat their big brothers and sisters when they come over to the senior school.

As far as our success with spoken English is concerned, we still have much room for improvement, but I think we have made real progress and the pupils have at least developed an interest in speaking correctly and a critical attitude toward their own errors that give promise for the future.

Also our students have an ability and a willingness in oral presentation that can be traced directly to our debate work.

I have heard a great many times that debate costs too much in the pupil's time, money and the teacher's time and if debate hits only four or six people out of a student body of five hundred people, I will agree to that idea. But if it can do the things I think it can do—teach a boy or girl to read carefully, think logically, express himself in clear practical Eng-

lish, feel confident that he can make himself the master of a subject until he can meet the arguments of an able opponent; if, as I said, it can do all of this and do it for a number of pupils, I believe it is the cheapest subject in our curriculum. In other words, I like to keep debate more or less extra curricular and yet give it a curriculum value.

### INSURANCE OF ATHLETES.

The state athletic association of Wisconsin is initiating an injury insurance plan this year. They are starting on a small scale and insuring only specific injuries and paying for each injury a certain rate. All schools in the state are to receive some protection. At the present time only a few injuries are covered and the amount of indemnity in each case is small. The table of injuries with the amounts to be paid is as follows:

Entire sight of one eye, if irreversibly lost.....	\$200.00
Both arms broken above the elbows .....	150.00
Both legs broken above the knees.....	150.00
Both bones of either arm broken between wrist and elbow.....	100.00
Both bones of either leg broken between ankle and knee.....	100.00
Either leg broken above knee.....	75.00
Either arm broken above elbow...	75.00
Either bone of either leg broken between ankle and knee.....	50.00
Either bone of either arm broken between wrist and elbow.....	50.00
Collar bone broken.....	40.00

Before any school may share in the benefits of the insurance plan it is necessary that each student who participates in athletics have the written consent of his parents and a physician's certificate of physical fitness.

Administrators are watching the operation of this plan with a great deal of interest. By the end of a year or two they will have gathered data enough so that the degree of success of such a plan may be determined. In Illinois a thorough investigation has just been completed relative to the matter and it is possible that it will be quite thoroughly discussed at the annual meeting in November. Unless and until such state wide action is taken in this matter it is doubtful whether any individual school should attempt to guarantee reimbursement for any injuries that

might be sustained in athletics or any other department of the school.

There is often a mistaken notion on the part of some students and some parents to the effect that the boys who participate in athletics are doing a great favor to the school. In reality the favor is being done the boys who participate. The best of talent in the way of coaching and in the way of equipment and protective measures is due the players. But with that given the advantages which they have are so great that no player should expect anything else. The emphasis should be, in athletics as in any other class exercise, on the benefit a boy is deriving from participation. These benefits are usually more than enough to offset any risks a boy might take.—*Illinois High School Athlete.*

### SEVEN RULES ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

1. *Be prepared.* Don't worry. Work. Read, think, jot down ideas. Reorganize. Eliminate. Offer no apologies; have none to offer. For the sake of safety, carry with you small cards bearing a simple outline.

2. *Use detail.* "Some people," "almost everyone," "someone," "for some reason," and "some time" are characteristics of tiresome, ineffective speech. Such words and expressions give hazy, fuzzy, mental pictures—if any. Use illustrations. Tell definitely what you have on your mind. Don't speak in a general way.

3. *Practice.* Nothing else will give ease, grace, and power. Imagine the spectacle of the basket ball player who have never practiced or of the musician who have only thought over what he is going to play. Accept every invitation you are given to speak in public. You are fortunate when you have an audience bound by rules of common courtesy to permit you to practice.

4. *Get criticism.* Applause may testify either to the excellence of your speech or to the sympathy of your audience. Compliments may mean that those who give them really admire your speech or that they admire the speaker and court his good will. It is the cold blooded critic who can help. Have a confederate stationed in the audience—a confederate whose only prejudice comes from a desire to give you the truth. Such help is sometimes hard to find, and many a

would-be speaker fails because of the lack of it.

5. *Talk to the audience—not at it.* Memorized speeches, and more particularly those half memorized, encourage the common blunder of looking back into the mind for something needed. Have a glance for each of numerous faces over the audience. There you will see expressions that will indicate your progress in getting the interest of your hearers. Remember that talking to a group is not greatly unlike talking to an individual.

6. *Be pleasant.* Your introduction should give you a favorable start. Hold that favor. Talk about things in which your hearers are interested. Avoid overuse of "I" or, worse yet, "I think." Speak of things pleasant. When unpleasant ideas must be mentioned or referred to, express hope for the coming of something better. Make yourself a pleasure to look at, to listen to, and to believe.

7. *Speak briefly.* Most addresses of all kinds are too long. Beginning speakers almost invariably choose too broad a subject or fail to make a sufficiently pointed attack upon the subject assigned. Bring your speech to a close while the audience is still enjoying it.

#### Wearin' Clothes That Others Wore.

EFFIE CRAWFORD.  
(For Impersonation)

"Cause I'm the youngest child, it seems  
Folks think that life's just rosy dreams.  
They say I'm spoiled and petted too,  
And never have a thing to do;  
I don't mind work, a little bit,  
But say, that ain't the half of it,  
The thing that makes me sick and sore,  
Is wearin' clothes that others wore."

"I often think how nice 'twould be,  
If Dad and Mother had just me,  
My clothes would be my very own,  
Not something someone had outgrown,  
No shoes forever handed down,  
What difference if they're black or brown?  
No caps that others put away  
For little Will to wear some day."

"It was for me a lucky chance,  
When little boys could wear long pants,  
They couldn't cut 'em near so neat  
From dad's old pair, worn in the seat;  
But shirts are made from sister's blouse,  
Or any scrap that's in the house,

And once, it almost got my goat,  
When Mother made my overcoat."

"When I was younger, how I'd cry,  
But now I think: Well, by and by  
When I'm a man, it won't be long,  
For I am growing big and strong,  
I'll hunt a store, the best, I 'spose,  
And buy just stacks and stacks of clothes,  
I'll take most all that's on the shelf,  
And wear the new all off myself."

New York City spends an annual budget of \$263,000 for after-school athletic centers.

When a school vote is to be taken, a good lesson in civics is to establish voting booths, a non-stuffable ballot box, and ballots in miniature like the city, county or state ballot. Thus young voters are acquainted with the "modus operandi" of a democracy.

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## TOM STANTON TELLS HOW TO TRAIN FOR BASKETBALL.

By OLIVER S. ARATA.

Tom Stanton is head coach of the basketball team and baseball teams at St. Louis University High School of St. Louis. This university is nationally known and has produced some famous athletes in various sports, including track, football and basketball. Mr. Stanton has his ideas on how to train a high school basketball team. His ideas are culled from actual experience, not mere theory. During the past winter the St. Louis U. high school team had a very powerful team and a very successful one. St. Louis University is also the proud owner of a \$250,000 gymnasium, one of the finest in the country. It is complete in every detail. Mr. Matthews is the head coach of the university, while Mr. Tom Stanton holds practically the same position at the high school.

In reply to my question as to the first and prime requisite as to training, Mr. Stanton replied: "The first requisite of any athlete in training is to keep regular sleeping hours, get to bed early, and rise at a regular hour. Do not eat sweets while in training, and don't smoke tobacco in any form, while in training especially, and preferably when not in training. This form of habit never did any one any good, especially youthful and immature athletes, who have not reached their full growth or maturity."

"What are your ideas about training high schools especially?"

"Every player has various good points. I note those and thus discover what type of work that youth is best adapted for, then I develop, to the best of my ability, those better characteristics. In playing basketball it is absolutely essential that everyone should absolutely keep a perfect balance on the playing floor, or if not a perfect balance at least some sort of a good balance. There should never be two men of the same team in one spot at the same time. Or in the same part of the basketball floor. The formation should be, preferably, two offensive players and one center man behind them and in the center. A well-trained team will keep this formation as accurately as possible. There should be two in rear of the three. In other words the defense should constantly spread out."

He continued: "A good coach of a high school team, or any team that has many beginners on it, should instruct his players in proper ways of passing the ball, which should be a ball that travels slowly, so that it can be passed accurately and so that it will not jump out of his team-mate's hands. Hard passing is a very bad form in basketball. Further, the man who is to receive the pass should move forward to the ball, to prevent opposition from intercepting the ball. Another excellent point in teaching basketball is to teach the players beneath the coach to fake with their eyes. By this I mean to make the opposing players believe the ball is coming from a certain direction when it is really coming from another, and also to make the opponent believe you are going to throw it to your left when you really intend to throw from the other side. To baffle the other player is really fine form and should be studied carefully. Much attention should be paid to this point. It is one of the finesse points of the indoor court game."

He gave further and excellent advice. "Be sure to teach the students different ways of shooting. However, there are but two distinct ways, which I shall call loft shooting and hard throwing at the basket. The player who shoots a sort of high ball, one that goes up into the air and then falls into the basket has a much better form for several reasons. He gives his partners time to come up to the basket when an arch shot is used. For foul line shooting the hard shot is the better one to master. It is more accurate than the arch shot, I believe. All defense players should be taught proper defense tactics. By this I mean how to guard the man who carries the ball. An excellent way is the style called a spread-eagle formation. Especially when the man who employs the 'spread-eagle' form is long-armed and with long legs, he has a great advantage over his smaller opponent. This form of defense compels the opposing player to show his intentions by passing or dribbling because the defense is gradually edging his way toward him." His advice was garnered from hard knocks, experience.

"Teach individual stuff, also. Then make the team as a whole perfectly balanced—one that will move like a fine auto. The coach must insist that

little details be perfect, also in the ways players dribble, pass, throw, etc. This makes them careful, even fastidious. When training high school lads one must constantly keep after them. The psychology of the game may be summed up in the following: The coach's part is to make the team believe that it is good or will be good a little later. When the players become too conceited, try to take that same conceit out of them. The ultimately successful basketball player must believe in himself, his team, and his coach, and intensely, too."

"Let me add this point, from experience. Most boys have what you may call inferiority complex, or in plain English, bashfulness or self-consciousness. This must be eliminated for those lads think they cannot do anything. They should feel differently, for every boy is adapted to some form of athletics. Yet, there are others who have an exaggerated opinion of themselves. One must bawl out such players. It is far easier to take out conceit than it is to put courage in those who haven't this necessary virtue, in all forms of life, not alone in athletics. One cannot make athletes of a high class out of those who are not athletes, yet he can, with patience, develop natural talent in youths. Let me add this statement. Basketball is just constant practice, proper courage and training. Again one must not lose heart, and must keep constantly plugging at the game, especially throwing for baskets."

The boys at the St. Louis U. high school begin training about October first, sometimes a little later, and then train until the latter part of December, when the minor games are played. About January the major games are in progress.

#### IT'S THE BRAIN THAT COUNTS.

By DR. CHARLES MAYO, Scientist, Physician, Surgeon, in the November, 1930, Journal of the N. E. A.

You can get along with a wooden leg, but you can't get along with a wooden head.

The physical value of man is not so much. Man as analyzed in our laboratories is worth about ninety-eight cents. Seven bars of soap, lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop, phosphorus enough to cover the heads of a thousand matches, is not so much, you see. It is the brain that counts, but in order that your brain

may be kept clear you must keep your body fit and well. That cannot be done if one drinks liquor. A man who has to drag around a habit that is a danger and a menace to society ought to go off to the woods and live alone. We do not tolerate the obvious use of morphine or cocaine or opium and we should not tolerate intoxicating liquor because I tell you these things are what break down the command of the individual over his own life and his own destiny.

We have not lived up to our laws; education is what we need to combat this condition. When we have our younger generation completely educated we will not have types who say: "Why should I not have my rights as a citizen?" It is through the boys of today that we hope to see a sound and everlasting prohibition worked out in this country. If there ever was any great man who accomplished anything through the use of alcohol I would like to have the fact pointed out. We in the United States of America have tried to give you a field of action free from the barricades which used to be set up by the legalized liquor traffic. Keep yourselves free from all entangling habits. Remember, it's the brain that counts.

Have a few good school songs, memorized well so that when there is a wait, for any cause, a leader may occupy the group safely and sanely by starting a popular school song.

Soft singing is safe singing. It does not imperil the growing voice.

#### FOOTBALLS AND POWDER PUFFS.

A Christmas play, by Anna Manley Galt. 4 men, 5 women. Plays about 30 minutes. Particularly suited to Girl Reserve and Hi-Y production. It is the story of a Christmas box. The boys and girls vote not to send a box this year. Later all are ashamed and each one sends a box of his own, so all ends well. Price, 15 cents. (No royalty.) Published by SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

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**DEVIL POTS.**

A One Act Play.

By D. C. RETSLOFF.

**CHARACTERS.***Hi Lung*, a Chinese servant, in Oriental garb.*Mr. Mason*, middle-aged business man.*Mrs. Mason*, his wife.*Nan Mason*, dignified daughter of twenty-two.*Laura Mason*, typical flapper.*Bob Mason*, high school boy of fifteen.*Dick Mason*, small boy of eight.

Setting—Living room of the Mason home, Furnished with piano, library table, davenport, easy chairs, foot stool, floor lamp. Pillows on davenport, magazines and books on table.

Time—Present; late afternoon on a week day.

Time required for presentation, about 45 minutes.

*Mr. Mason* and *Nan* in living room. *Mr. Mason* reading, sitting in easy chair. *Nan* at table arranging magazines in a pile. From the outside the voice of Chinese servant rings clear.*Hi Lung*: No, no, you can no see Mista Mason. He no want. Missie Mason not here. I say you glet out.A door bangs. *Hi Lung* shuffles into living room with broom and duster.*Hi Lung*: Makee all clean. Missie Mason come soon.*Mr. Mason*: What was that noise all about, *Hi Lung*?*Hi Lung*: Very pushee peddler. I no like.*Nan*: What was he selling?*Hi Lung*: Debbel pot.*Nan*: What's that?*Hi Lung* (spreading hands, shaking head): Lectic pushee in wall—cookee coffee—debbel pot. I tell pleddler go klick. He no go I pushee him down steps—slam door.*Nan*: Oh, dear, I hope you did not hurt the poor man.*Hi Lung*: When thunder very loud, very little rain. (A bell rings, he exits.)*Nan*: He's always springing some proverb. Now what did he mean?*Mr. Mason*: He said when thunder is very loud, there is little rain. He meant that he talked loud to make the agent go away, but he did not hurt him.*Nan*: I wonder what the man was selling?*Mr. Mason*: Why, didn't you understand? Electric percolators.*Nan*: Mother's been wanting one.(Enter *Laura* and *Bob*.)*Bob*: Wanting what?*Nan*: An electric percolator.*Laura*: I should think she would. Aunt Grace has all kind of electric devices. We are back numbers. If I was running this house, you bet I'd have things up-to-date.*Bob*: What was that noise a few minutes ago? I heard old *Hi Lung*'s voice above the racket.*Nan*: An agent came to the door selling electric percolators and *Lung* threw him out.*Bob*: Hot dog! Wish I'd seen the scrap. But why did the old boy do that?*Mr. Mason*: *Hi Lung* has always fought against anything electrical. He says the devil makes electricity. It was the year you were born, *Bob*, that we had electric lights installed and for weeks, *Hi Lung* kept stuff burning to drive away the devil. He simply won't tolerate anything electrical.*Laura*: If I was boss around here, the old yellow skin would use the things I want, you bet.*Nan*: Maybe he's afraid of electricity. He called the percolator a devil pot.(Enter *Dick*.)*Dick*: What is a devil pot?*Nan*: There is no such thing. *Hi Lung* just called an electric percolator a devil pot, that's all.*Dick*: Have we got one?*Laura* (drawing a long breath): Hear the question box begin. *Dick* can ask more questions to the square inch than there are hairs on a dog.*Dick*: Why did *Hi Lung* call it a devil pot, *Nan*?*Mr. Mason*: Come here, sonny.(Dick goes to his father. *Mr. Mason* puts arm around *Dick's* shoulder.)*Mr. Mason*: *Hi Lung* doesn't like anything electrical. A man came to the door a few minutes ago selling electric percolators and *Hi Lung* threw him out. Now, do you understand?*Dick*: Why did he throw him out?*Mr. Mason*: Because he doesn't like agents that sell electrical things.*Dick*: Where did he throw the man, Daddy?*Mr. Mason*: He really didn't throw him out. He just slammed the door in the man's face after he had pushed him part way down the steps.

*Dick:* I'll tell the kids at school what our chink did to the man.

*Laura:* Don't you tell anything at school. People will think we are heathens.

*Bob:* No, Dick, don't tell it at school. Laura's got a crush on the physical culture teacher in your building. She's afraid he'll get the idea that Hi Lung throws men callers down the steps.

*Laura:* Who asked you to speed up, Bob Mason?

*Dick:* What is a crush, Nan?

*Nan:* Never mind, Dicky boy.

*Dick:* I wish mother was home.

*Nan:* She will be here in less than an hour.

*Mr. Mason:* By the way, children, I hope you have remembered that this is mother's birthday and bought her some presents. I only thought about it this noon. I'll have to rustle something. I think an occasional chair would be nice.

*Nan:* Just the thing, father.

*Laura:* Nan would like a new chair. She could give it to Harold Davis when he calls. She always gives him the best of everything. A blind pig could see that she's crazy about him.

*Dick:* How can a blind pig see?

*Laura* (throwing out hand): Listen to the question box.

(Mr. Mason opens the paper, paying no attention to what is being said.)

*Dick:* But how can it?

*Nan:* Never mind, Dick; Laura's nose is out of joint today.

*Dick* (crossing to Laura, looking up in her face): Does it hurt?

*Laura:* What hurt?

*Dick:* Why, your nose.

*Laura:* Go along; don't ask such silly questions. (Turns to Bob who is pulling the magazines over on the table.) You're worse than a hen scratching gravel. What you looking for?

*Dick:* Why do hens scratch gravel? (No one replies. He waits a second.) I'll go and ask Hi Lung. (He exits.)

*Bob* (still pulling over the magazines): I'm looking for my thesis on evaporation. I left it here.

*Laura:* If you mean the papers with some illegible scrawls on them, you will find them in the waste paper basket. You should take a course in penmanship.

*Bob:* Say, when you going to hand over the three dollars you borrowed from me last week.

*Laura:* Keep still.

*Nan:* You know you don't mean half you say. You'd better hurry out and get

mother something for her birthday. Less than an hour to do it in. Aunt Grace has invited us all for dinner, but let's give mother a little celebration as soon as she comes in.

*Bob:* When you going to buy your gift?

*Nan:* I've ordered it. To be delivered before five this afternoon.

*Bob:* I know what I'm going to get. It won't take long.

*Laura:* I'll run down to the Arcade. It will take me about ten minutes.

(Dick enters.)

*Dick:* Where you going, Laura? May I go with you?

*Laura:* No; I don't want anyone tagging me. I have to hurry.

*Dick:* Daddy, where is Laura going?

*Mr. Mason* (looking over top of paper): Why, I wasn't paying any attention to what was going on. Where are you going, Laura?

*Laura:* Down to the Arcade to buy mother's present.

*Dick:* Is mother going to have a present?

*Mr. Mason:* Today is mother's birthday. We want to surprise her with some presents tonight.

*Dick:* I got a dollar. Can I buy her something?

*Mr. Mason:* Sure, Dick.

*Dick:* What will I get?

*Mr. Mason:* I don't know, my boy. I don't know what to get her myself.

*Nan:* I heard mother say she hoped we'd always give her things she could use to benefit the whole family, so I've ordered something we'll all like.

*Mr. Mason:* I wish I had gone to the door when I heard Hi Lung fussing. I might have bought her an electric percolator, even if Hi Lung does object to things electrical.

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*Nan* (smiles): That would have been nice. Our coffee pot is old looking.

*Bob*: Why not buy her one yet, Dad?

*Mr. Mason*: I—Well—No, I guess I'd better not.

*Laura*: Dad's afraid of offending our most honorable *Hi Lung*.

*Mr. Mason*: *Laura*, I wish you'd be more respectful to *Hi Lung*. He's a good servant. You'd miss him if he was gone.

*Bob*: I know what mother wants. I'll tell the cock-eyed world I'll get her a humdinger.

*Laura*: There, *Nan*, correct your high school brother's pure English.

*Dick*: What will I get mother, *Nan*?

*Nan*: Run down to the Flick department store and buy something for a dollar. Mother will love anything you get. (Dick exits.)

*Laura*: What'd you get mother, *Nan*?

*Nan*: I don't want to tell.

*Bob*: Don't, then.

*Mr. Mason*: The only trouble in not consulting each other about the presents is, we may duplicate them.

*Nan*: No danger, father.

*Mr. Mason* (consulting the paper): I see there is a sale on at the Ladies' Toggery. I think I'll get her something to wear.

*Laura*: Dad, don't you dare. You'd get something old enough for *Granny Holt* or too young for even me. Besides *Nan* orders (mimics *Nan*) something to benefit the whole family.

*Bob*: Then it might be an electric percolator after all.

*Nan*: Forget that, *Bob*.

*Bob*: I'm off. You'll all sit up and take notice when you see what I have for mother. (He exits.)

*Laura*: Be just like him to get a percolator.

*Nan*: No, he was only fooling. I told him to forget it.

*Laura*: I've a notion to get one just to spite old *Hi Lung*.

*Mr. Mason*: Don't go too far, *Laura*.

*Laura*: Never mind, Daddy, *Laura* knows her onions. So long. (She exits.)

*Mr. Mason*: Will you drive down to the station with me, *Nan*?

*Nan*: No, father, you go and meet mother. I'm expecting the present I ordered to be delivered any minute.

*Mr. Mason*: I'll have to hustle one myself before I meet the train. (Exits.)

(*Hi Lung* enters and begins setting

room to rights. Bell rings. *Nan* exits.)

*Hi Lung*: There is time to make nets dry, there is time to fish. Patience and time makee silk out mulberry leat. Mebeso by lan by no more pickee up. (Straightens pillows on couch. Finds package of cigarettes under pillow. Takes them, holds them up, shakes one out. Slips package under blouse.) Missie *Laura*, very, very bad.

(*Nan* enters. *Hi Lung* drops cigarette. Covers it with his foot. *Nan* carries package. Stops near *Hi Lung*. Sniffs.)

*Nan*: Seems like I smell smoke.

(*Hi Lung* sniffs, shakes head.)

*Nan*: I wish you would run the vacuum cleaner over this rug. Looks like ashes on it.

*Hi Lung*: I pickee up.

*Nan*: Better use the cleaner.

*Hi Lung*: What you have for dinner?

*Nan*: We are going out for dinner. You don't have to cook tonight. (She pushes her package under davenport.)

(*Hi Lung* exits.)

(*Laura* enters. Very short dress, red jacket, red hat, vanity case hanging on arm and carrying large square package. Stops in center of room.)

*Laura*: Gosh! I'm winded. Ran half the way from Third and Pine, but I got mother's present. I'm going to put it on that old table in the attic.

*Nan*: Why up there? Mother will be here in less than half an hour.

*Laura*: I don't care if she'd be here in ten minutes. If *Bob* came in he'd open my package as quick as a wink, just to see what I have for her. So I'll hide it.

*Nan*: Judge not, lest ye be judged.

*Laura*: Gosh! You're like *Hi Lung*, always handing out some old saw. I know this family. (Exits. Returns almost immediately, throws jacket and hat on end of table. They slip to floor. Goes to davenport, pulls pillows around looking for something.)

*Nan*: What do you want?

*Laura*: I left my handkerchief under a pillow. Someone's taken it.

*Nan*: Ask *Hi Lung*. He was cleaning in here a few minutes ago.

*Laura*: I'll not ask him. If he found anything of mine under the pillow he'd keep it just for meanness. (She takes a magazine and sits in easy chair.)

(*Bob* hurries in, carrying package.)

*Laura*: What's that?

*Bob*: Mother's present.

*Laura:* What is it?

*Bob:* Not telling. But it is something that took all my month's allowance. I want those three dollars—

*Laura* (shaking head and indicating silence by placing finger on lips): I bet it is some silly jimcrack.

*Bob:* You got another guess coming. (He exits.)

(A bell rings. *Hi Lung* enters.)

*Hi Lung:* Telfone, Missie Laura.

(Laura throws magazine on floor; exits.)

(*Hi Lung* takes book from floor, places it on table.)

*Hi Lung:* Missie Laura, plenty bad. No pickee up, need spankee. You say so, Missie Nan?

*Nan:* Yes, *Hi Lung*, Laura is naughty to make you pick up her things.

*Hi Lung:* Mebbeso your honorable father spankee her?

*Nan* (shaking head): She is too old to be spanked.

*Hi Lung:* Melican say spare rod, spoil child. Chinee say spoiled child a thorn in the father's flesh. Missie Laura what you call lotten spoil. (Exits with Laura's jacket and hat.)

*Bob* (enters.): There, I guess Miss Laura won't find mother's present.

*Nan:* Where did you put it?

*Bob:* Up in the attic on that old table. (He exits.)

(Bell rings. As *Nan* starts to leave the room, *Dick* enters carrying a large box wrapped in paper. As soon as he is alone, he crosses to davenport and pushes box under. Finds *Nan's* box. Pulls both boxes out. They look exactly alike. Pushes one back, takes the other and stands up as *Nan* enters.)

*Nan:* What you doing?

*Dick:* I want to put mother's present where no one will find it.

*Nan:* She will be here in just a few minutes. I'd not hide it.

*Dick:* But I'm afraid Laura will peek. I guess I'll put it up in the attic.

*Nan:* All right. (She smiles.) (Dick exits.)

(*Hi Lung* enters with broom.)

*Nan:* Where is the cleaner?

*Hi Lung:* No likee.

*Nan:* Well then, go back to the kitchen. Don't raise a dust just as mother is coming.

(*Hi Lung* exits.)

(Laura enters. Looks on floor for her magazine?)

*Laura:* Who has been meddling with my book?

*Nan:* Hi Lung picked it from the floor and put your jacket and hat where they belong.

*Laura:* Well, I wish he'd leave my things alone.

*Nan:* You should keep your things in order. Why are you so careless?

*Laura:* Don't worry about me. I hate wardens. My clothing is my own. I'm eighteen, and born of white parents, even if my skin is sunburned. Where did Bob go?

*Nan:* To put mother's present away.

(Bob enters.)

*Laura:* Well, I suppose you threw a smoke screen around your present? Bet I can find it.

*Bob:* You just stay in low gear. If I hear you shifting I'll tell Dad about the Kimball dance.

*Laura:* You don't know what you are talking about.

*Bob:* I know you had to wake *Hi Lung* up to let you in at daylight.

*Laura* (in loud tones): *Hi Lung!*

*Hi Lung* (sticks head in): You calle me?

*Laura:* No. Go away.

*Hi Lung:* Hi Lung gottee tongue. He no blind—he no deaf.

*Laura:* Go. (Waves hands at him.) (Bob exits.)

(Laura sits at piano, plays softly.)

(*Hi Lung* enters with broom and pan of water. Begins to sprinkle rug.)

*Nan:* Don't do that. Get the vacuum cleaner.

*Hi Lung:* No likee—long stling—pushee in wall—buzzee—go like debbel.

*Laura:* People buy vacuum cleaners for their servants to use, *Hi Lung*.

*Hi Lung:* He who mindee his own blisness has plenty to do.

*Laura:* Don't bark at me in that chill tone.

(Bell rings. *Hi Lung* exits with broom.)

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*Nan:* I'm sorry we are not telling each other what we are getting for mother. It would be a calamity if we all got the same thing.

*Laura:* It would be a scream. Dad and Bob haven't sense enough to get what I got and you'd not dare.

*Nan:* What do you mean?

*Laura:* You're too afraid of offending our yellow pearl. You dare not advance a spark. Afraid Hi Lung would object to your speed.

*Nan:* What has Hi Lung got to do with me and mother's present? I like Hi Lung. You've no right to talk about him the way you do. Since mother's been away, you have been right mean to him.

*Laura:* Well, I'm not crazy about him.

(A bell rings. They hear Hi Lung at the telephone.)

*Hi Lung:* Missie Laura. You no can talkee her.

*Laura* (bouncing up): Hear that old yellow pearl. His queue block is solid ivory. (She runs out. Something sounds like a slap.)

*Hi Lung* (enters rubbing cheek): Missie Nan, you sister clazy like bootleg whiskey.

*Nan:* What do you mean?

*Hi Lung:* She go debbel way very fast.

*Nan* (looking at wrist watch): Mother will be home in ten or fifteen minutes. So don't worry any more about Laura.

*Hi Lung* (twists his hands): You honolable father allee time good to Hi Lung. Hi Lung go hell for Mista Mason. Missie Laura go hell for no blody.

(Laura enters. Crosses to Hi Lung, shakes finger in his face.)

*Laura:* What you mean by telling my boy friend that I'm not at home? That I am sick?

*Hi Lung:* No savvy.

*Laura:* Well, I'll make you savvy. Get my hat and jacket.

(Hi Lung bows and exits.)

*Nan:* Where are you going?

*Laura:* For a wind gallop with Billy Stevens.

*Nan:* You can't go. Mother will be here in a few minutes.

*Laura:* Now, now, nice biddy hen. Don't throw a fit.

*Nan:* But you cannot go. (Faces Laura, speaks with determination.) This is one time when I mean what I say.

*Laura:* But I am going.

*Hi Lung* (enters with hat and jacket): Mebbeso you gettee Hi Lung up fore morning let you in?

*Laura:* Shut up!

*Hi Lung:* You very, very bad.

*Nan:* Put her things away, Hi Lung. Here is the automobile with father and mother.

(Hi Lung exits. Laura exits.)

(Mr. and Mrs. Mason enter. Dick and Bob rush in. Bob takes mother's suit cases and exits. Mrs. Mason removes wraps. Kisses Dick and Nan. Sits down on davenport with Dick at her side.

*Mrs. Mason:* Where's Laura?

*Nan:* At the telephone.

*Mr. Mason:* Here she comes.

(Laura enters, carelessly kisses mother and goes to sit on piano stool. Nan takes a footstool near her mother's feet. Mr. Mason sits in easy chair. Bob enters, sits in a rocker with his legs up over one of the arms.)

*Mrs. Mason:* I'm so glad to be home. I hope I'm never separated from you for three months again. How have you got along?

*Bob:* This house is no home with you gone, mother.

*Laura:* A lot you know about it. You were hardly ever here.

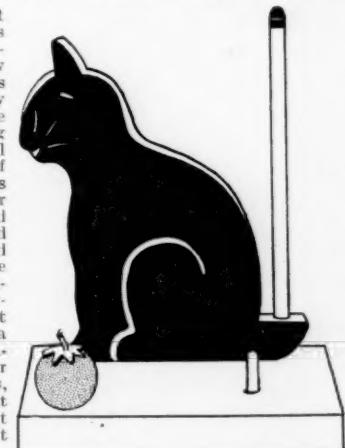
*Bob:* Well, I wasn't in an airplane with Billy Stevens!

*Mrs. Mason* (throwing up hand): What do you mean?

*Mr. Mason:* Never mind, dear; just

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*Dick:* I got you a present, mother.

*Mrs. Mason:* You did? Bless your heart. (Hugs him.)

*Dick:* A birthday present, mother.

*Mrs. Mason:* I'd forgotten. This is my birthday. I'm so glad I'm home.

*Dick:* Nan said we must get something you could use for all the family, so I got—

*Nan:* Wait, Dick; don't tell what you got.

(A bell rings. They hear Hi Lung talking.)

*Hi Lung:* No, no, you no see Mista Mason. I tell you go, go.

(Mr. Mason hurriedly exits.)

*Mrs. Mason:* Bob, bring my brown suit case. I've brought you each a little gift from Boston.

(Bob exits.)

*Laura* (leaves stool, stands by davenport): I hope you brought me an up-to-date bathing suit. A real short one.

*Mrs. Mason:* Gracious child! The one you have now is only a hem below the waist. No, I did not bring you a bathing suit.

*Laura:* Oh, mother, you are so medieval. I'm not fussy about what you wear. Why should you burden yourself about what I wear?

(Mr. Mason enters carrying a box wrapped in white paper.)

*Mr. Mason:* The man came to deliver your birthday present. Hi Lung thought he was a peddler. Here it is. (Sets box on table.) Bring your presents, children. Let mother open them before we go to Aunt Alice's.

*Laura:* Mother has something for us in the suit case. Bob's gone for it.

(Bob enters with suit case.)

*Mr. Mason* (looking at watch): Your presents can wait. Let mother open hers before we go. Hurry now, bring them out.

*Laura:* But, Dad—

*Mr. Mason:* Never mind.

*Dick:* I got mine in the attic.

*Bob:* In the attic?

*Laura:* In the attic?

*Dick:* Yes, I put it on that old table up there.

*Laura:* What'd you do that for?

*Dick:* So no one would peek.

*Laura:* You crazy nut!

*Mrs. Mason:* Laura, I object to your manner of expression.

*Bob:* You'll object to more than that, mother, when you get acquainted with her again.

*Laura:* I put my package on the table in the attic.

*Bob:* So did I.

*Mr. Mason:* Go and bring your presents. (Waves his hand.)

(Laura, Bob, Dick exit.)

*Mr. Mason:* Wouldn't it be a joke if they got things mixed?

*Mrs. Mason:* No danger. The packages will not be the same size.

*Nan* (reaching under davenport and pulling out package): This is mine.

*Mr. Mason:* Put it on the table with mine.

*Nan* (crossing to table): Why, our packages are almost the same size.

(Enter Laura, Bob, Dick, all carrying packages that look alike in size and shape. They put them on the table.)

*Mr. Mason* (laughs): Well, I'll be blessed if I can see any difference in them so far as looks go.

*Bob:* Dick and Laura had no business to use the attic.

*Laura:* Since when has that part of the house been your own private territory?

*Mrs. Mason:* Children, what is the matter with you?

*Laura:* Bob's awfully crabby lately.

*Bob:* Give me the three dol—

*Nan:* Let's keep still while mother opens her gifts.

*Mrs. Mason:* My, I'm excited. Which shall I open first?

*Dick:* Mine. (Pushes package forward.)

*Mrs. Mason:* Very well, darling, mother will. (Unties string, unwraps box, takes off lid, lifts out electric percolator.) How lovely! Just what I've been wanting. But where did my baby get the money to buy such a nice present?

*Dick* (half crying): That's—that's not my present.

*Nan:* I bought that for you, mother, but I don't understand how it got up in the attic.

*Dick:* I hid mine under the davenport first, then took it to the attic.

*Mr. Mason* (laughing): That explains it. Presto change! No harm done.

*Laura:* Open mine next. (Points to her box.)

*Mrs. Mason* (unwraps box, lifts lid, takes out very handsome silver percolator): This is a beauty, my dear (kisses *Laura*). It must have taken every cent of your allowance to buy it.

*Bob*: That is what I bought for you, mother. *Laura* never saw it before. Got it at Swift's Silver Shop. It is the real look-at-the-label stuff.

*Laura*: You had no right to buy her a percolator.

*Bob*: No? I suppose you got her one?

*Laura*: Yes, I did. I knew she would make old *Hi Lung* use it. I wanted to get even with him.

*Mr. Mason*: Bought your mother something to spite *Hi Lung*? *Laura*, I'm surprised at you!

*Laura*: Well, he's no business saying my skirts are too short. (Flings herself down on davenport.)

*Bob*: He's the only one that dare tell you the truth while mother's been gone.

*Mrs. Mason*: Robert!

*Nan*: Let's see the percolator *Laura* bought, mother.

*Mrs. Mason* (unwraps the third box, lifts out a percolator): It is an awfully nice one, *Laura*.

*Laura*: I'll take it back and get myself some silk stockings.

*Bob*: Don't shift into high, yet; maybe mother will have something to say.

*Nan*: There are two other boxes, mother.

*Mrs. Mason*: Yes, dear.

*Dick* (sniffling): I got you a coffee pot, mother; it is not a perk-er-leter.

*Mrs. Mason*: Bless your heart! Mother will just love your coffee pot. (She opens the fourth box and sets a blue granite coffee pot beside the percolators.)

*Nan*: Here is the last box, mother. It must be father's present. Of course, he'd never think of giving you a percolator.

*Mrs. Mason*: No, I suppose not. (Opens box, lifts out a percolator. Looks at husband. They both laugh.)

*Mr. Mason*: The joke is on all of us.

*Nan*: We should have consulted each other.

*Laura*: I'll take mine back. We can all take them back and exchange them for other things.

*Mr. Mason*: I can't. I bought mine of the agent *Hi Lung* chased away from the door. Saw him at the end of the block. Told him I'd buy a percolator if

he could deliver it within half an hour.

*Mrs. Mason*: I'll keep them all. They will teach us that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

*Laura*: Another old saw: United we stand, divided we fall. It's a wonder *Nan* didn't quote it.

(*Hi Lung* enters with evening paper. Hands it to *Mr. Mason*, looks at table, shakes head and exits.)

*Nan*: Mother, I heard you say that you hoped we'd give you presents that you could use to benefit the whole family. I think we've tried.

*Mr. Mason*: I'm sure you have. I wish we were going to stay home this evening; I'd use one of my new percolators.

*Mr. Mason*: *Hi Lung*, come here.

(*Hi Lung* enters. Has piece of heavy string in his hand.)

*Mr. Mason*: Take all these boxes and papers down to the furnace room as soon as we are gone.

(*Hi Lung* bows, stands near table as family exit.)

*Hi Lung*: One, two, three, four, debbel pots. Pushee stling in wall. No good. (Crosses to door, opens it, pulls in gunny sack. Opens sack, takes out large rock. Puts the four percolators in sack, ties it in middle, puts rock in other end, ties sack shut.) Debbel pots, alle samee klittens. *Hi Lung* know what do with too much klitten. (Exits with sack, leaving blue granite coffee pot on the table.)

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1. A popular brand of chewing gum—Beechnut.
2. A girl's name—Hazelnut.
3. Found on a toe—Acorn.
4. A garden vegetable—Peanut.
5. Part of a house—Walnut.
6. Dairy product—Butternut.
7. Part of the body—Chestnut.
8. Used in making a hot drink—Coco-nut.
9. A large republic—Brazil nut.
10. A breakfast food—Grapenuts.

### A Date Roll for Refreshments.

Where light refreshments are sufficient, this is something that everyone will enjoy. Besides being "something different," it is easy to make, easy to keep, and easy to serve. Here is the recipe:

- 1 package of dates or  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. bulk dates.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. marshmallows.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup nut meats.
- 30 graham crackers.
- 1 cup sweet cream.

Grind the nut meats and graham crackers through the food chopper, using a fine blade. Cut the dates and marshmallows into small pieces and add to the ground mixture. Bind all together with the cream and form into a loaf three inches in diameter. Let stand in a cold place for twelve hours, then slice into the desired thickness and roll in powdered

sugar. If served as a dessert, use whipped cream flavored with sugar and cinnamon. This amount will serve twelve.

### Christmas Games for Holiday Parties.

Since red and green have become the accepted shades for Christmas use, carry out this color scheme in all your festivities.

For a "50 yard dash," give each of four persons a 50 yard spool of thread, 2 red, 2 green. Let each contestant loosen the end ready to start, but no one must unwind an inch until the signal is given. They may throw their spools across the room, stand on a chair, in fact, manage any way they choose to get an empty spool. The one through first receives a prize—perhaps a sewing kit, a fancy thimble, a clever emery bag, etc.

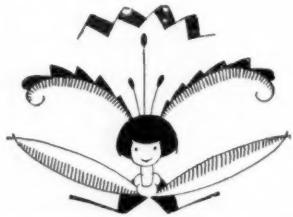
The next is a relay race. Have the crowd divided into four groups, and each group is represented by four contestants. Each of the number 1's is given an egg, dyed either red or green, and each must run to his second, the second to the third, and so to the end, carrying this egg in a teaspoon. If it drops, it must go back to the first player. This prize must be something that can be divided into four parts, like candy, etc.

A sure winner at any Christmas party is the exchanging of inexpensive gifts. It is usually wise to limit the cost of the presents—nothing over 15c, for instance, and, wherever possible, draw names and buy the gifts specifically for some certain person. Santa Claus, Uncle Bim, or Mother Goose are appropriate ones to distribute the gifts. Be sure to give them helpers, so that the party won't drag.

### The Funny Label Game.

This game is splendid fun. Bring into the room a big brown paper parcel on which is written a label on these lines, "To the Girl in the Room Who Talks the Most." This is, of course, read aloud, and presented to one of the girls, who takes it to the center of the room, and unwrapping it, finds another parcel inside, and another label, which may read,

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"To the Boy with the Loudest Tie." This she must read aloud, and present to one of the boys. This goes on indefinitely, according to the number of the party. At last, someone comes to the last wrapping, and exposes some ridiculous novelty, or a small gift. The success of this game lies with the one who makes up the parcel, in the choice of funny labels.

### Pick and Cup.

This is an excellent game, and must be played very fast. Form sides, equal numbers; sit down on the floor opposite each other, about two yards apart. The first player is a Pick, the next a Cup, the next a Pick, and so on alternately, but the first and last player must be a Pick. The Cups hold their hands together so as to form a cup. Place on the floor at the same end of each column an apple, button, marble, stone, orange, and a bean, or any other trifling articles that may be at hand. The articles at the end of each column must be identical in number and kind. An umpire must be chosen, who starts the race—for race it is. At the word "Go," the end boy or girl of each column picks up one of the articles from the floor, and places it in the Cup next to him. The third in the row must pick it out of the cup, and place it in the next cup, and so on, until the last player, who is a Pick, places it on the floor.

As soon as the first player has picked up one article and placed it in a cup, he or she must pick up another immediately, and pass it the same way, until all the articles are set going. The Picks must work at great speed, else the other side will win. The side wins that first has all the articles on the floor at the opposite end of the column from which they started.

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### The Christmas List.

(Presented by Television)  
By VERA HAMILL-HAFER.

#### CHARACTERS.

*Mrs. Santa Claus*, dressed in a red dress, with snowy collar. She has a ruddy face and snow-white hair. (The collar and hair may be made from cotton batting.)

*Mr. Santa Claus*, dressed in the usual costume.

(Allow three older boys in the school to take charge of presenting the program. One, a good speaker, does the talking; another, who is noted for his ability in experimenting with radio, runs the television machine; and another raises and lowers the curtain from behind the scenes.)

*Speaker*: Ladies and gentlemen, we have a little surprise for you this afternoon. With this machine which you see at the rear of the room, we expect to present a scene from the work-shop of Santa Claus. Of course, we are looking in on that scene without Santa's consent, but we thought what we might see and hear would be of interest to all of us.

(The curtain rises, and discloses a wide strip of cheesecloth which is stretched across the stage to resemble a movie curtain. At the same time, the operator of the television radio clicks his machine, and the lights are turned on behind the cheesecloth curtain, revealing Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus at work in their toy shop. There should be toys scattered about—drums, skates, dolls, tricycles, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Santa are seated in large chairs, with Santa working on a toy, and Mrs. Santa holding a large sheet of paper and a pencil. The cheesecloth curtain between the players and the audience will give an illusion of pictures on a screen.)

*Santa*: Well, Mrs. Santa, I believe we are going to finish our toys and Christmas lists on time this year as usual.

*Mrs. S.*: Yes, we've checked over everyone now, but the students at \_\_\_\_\_ High School. Do you think they'll be expecting anything this year?

*Santa*: I'm afraid they will. You see, the freshmen aren't very big and they might cry if they were left out this year for the first time. We'd better fix *them* something, anyway.

*Mrs. S.*: If we give *them* something, we'll have to remember the sophomores. They are just a year older than the freshmen, and they've never been overlooked yet, either.

*Santa*: Then suppose we just give each student a little gift. That is, of course, if none of them has been up to too much mischief in the last few months.

*Mrs. S.*: Well, the first one on my list is (some freshman). I wonder what he would like to have this year?

*Santa*: I believe I have a letter from him, telling just what he wants. (Reads a letter, supposedly from the boy, asking for anything ridiculous. The players may work out appropriate conversation about each student on the list. Every school has its own peculiar jokes which may be used here to advantage. Never mention anyone's real weakness or defect, however. Clever and amusing jokes are always in order, but the laugh that carries a sting and makes anyone uncomfortable is never in good taste.)

The list may include the whole student body if the school is small, or if the school is too large, the television radio may break down at a convenient place, cutting short the program.

This entertainment stunt may be used in chapel on the last school day before the Christmas vacation.

### Why Not Carol Singers?

ANNA M. GALT.

In the gayety of holiday parties, in the commercial rush of gift-giving, we must not lose sight of the essentially religious nature and origin of Christmas. For a chapel program or for a community entertainment, nothing is more appropriate and beautiful than the carol singers.

Have your setting as quiet and pretty as possible, with drawn shades and soft lights. Have a processional, or opening

procession, of your singers, coming up the aisles by twos, separating and coming together again, according to the plan of your auditorium. The longer they are marching and singing, the more impressive will be the service.

Each child carries a lighted candle. These can be tiny birthday affairs set in the cork side of a pop bottle top, or larger candles held in the hand. Just as the processional starts, have one person at each entrance lighting the candles.

"Hark, the Herald Angels," is a splendid marching carol, appropriate for the opening. If they arrive at the platform before they have finished, they may just stand and complete the song. This should have been drilled so that they need no words to sing every verse used.

"Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," and "Silent Night," make charming duets or quartets, and may be used as feature numbers. Intersperse a reading or two between musical numbers, that the sameness may not weary.

"Away in a Manger," Luther's Cradle Hymn, makes a good solo for a boy soprano, or a little girl with a true sweet voice. Three boys, or multiples of three, would enjoy "booming out" on "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

If you want the whole audience to join in one of the carols, none, perhaps, is better known than "Joy to the World." It is a pleasant break, in the heart of the program, to have everyone stand and sing two well-known verses of this hymn.

"Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" is a splendid recessional, and leaves a strong finish to a program of traditional and melodious music.

Tiny children, who should not be trusted with a lighted candle, may have garlands of rope cedar, commercial or home-made, in their hands or about their shoulders. They make a pretty sight, marching at the front of the line.

The one danger of such a program is that it might be too long. Avoid this.

#### Sell Popcorn Balls at Holiday Time.

Not hard to make, nor expensive, popcorn balls are nevertheless a favorite Christmas confection. Let some organization make them to sell, or use them as refreshments.

After popping good dry corn, keep it warm at all times, never letting it chill and toughen. Shake your pan, take off

the top, shake it again, and so on, so that no hard grains will get in.

For the syrup, take 1 cup sugar, a generous pinch of *fresh* cream of tartar, and water to dissolve. Boil until it is brittle dropped into water. Then stir it into a small amount of hot popped corn, dip the hands into cold water, and mould, rapidly, into small balls. Wrapped in waxed paper, they look festive indeed. Sell small ones two for a nickel, larger ones three for a dime.

#### Doll Show.

EVA L. DUNBAR.

More appropriate at holiday or Valentine's season than at any other time, is the doll show. Here are some suggestions upon which any live committee can base an evening's entertainment.

#### CHARACTERS.

The French Dolly type, dark curls, a picture hat with a wide lacy brim, and a ruffly dress. Pretty.

The Rag Dolly type, pigtails out each side, hair parted in the middle, a torn, but patched, faded old gingham apron, decided longer in the back.

The Doll-Baby type, with empire style dress in pastels or white, china blue eyes, yellow hair, and either a baby hood or a baby ruffled bonnet. A sash makes the dress look more babyfied.

Aunt Jemima, a comfortable, portly colored doll, with the traditional bandana kerchief, the red calico dress, and the belted white bib apron. See "Aunt Jemima" pancake package.

The Sailor, a boy doll in wide-bottomed trousers, sailor middy, and perky sailor cap atop his hair.

The Drum Major, a boy doll with typical drum major clothes, such as any library will show in pictures.

The Scotch Lassie, a pretty girl doll in kilts, with a plaid, Scotch headgear, and all.

Other character dollies, or just ornamental dolls, could be added at will.

Make their clothes out of crepe paper, if need be. A good deal of paint and make-up is needed.

This can be strung out into an evening's entertainment, or it can be just a part of an evening.

Have the dolls all in position, as if they were being displayed. Just before

the curtain rises, have twelve distinct strokes on a triangle or bell, to indicate midnight.

For a moment after the curtain is drawn, they stand stiffly in place. Then they yawn, rub their eyes, stretch sleepily, and begin to relax their stiffness.

Someone plays the "Sailor's Hornpipe," on either violin or piano, and the sailor does a typical sailor dance around the stage in front of the semi-circle of others, ending at his place.

Aunt Jemima sings "Ma Curly-headed Baby," holding a little black doll, or "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Then the Doll Baby dances a jerky, mechanical walking dance, to some stiff little march or polka. The others all sit in a semi-circle and watch her. When she bows, she says, "Ma-Ma."

The Rag Doll steps out before the audience and recites Riley's "Our Hired Girl." If encored she gives "The Old Tramp," also by Riley.

The Scotch Lassie dances the Highland Fling. The others clap for her in time with the music, the drum major beating time like a conductor.

As a closing, have your pianist play "The Doll Dance," and the French doll does her pretty dance, not too stiff.

Then, with the drum major in the lead, they march twice about the stage to the "Wedding of the Painted Doll," and as they reach their places, they slip into them, and begin to stand rigid. Just before curtain, they are all quiet, and the "clock" strikes four.

### Something New.

WANDA ORTON.

Find the biggest boy in your school. Then find the littlest boy. What is it all about? Just wait! The big boy carries the little boy on the school stage, sits down in a chair, puts the little boy on his knee, and begins. By this time you have guessed the idea. It is Bignoise, the ventriloquist, and Tiny Tim, his dummy. Both are ready to serve the school in any way that the school wants to be served. Just suppose that the school wants the school annual to be a huge success with a big list of subscribers.

Bignoise (in a loud, confident voice): Stop your wiggling. Do you know I never saw a boy more dumb than you are.

Tiny Tim (in a piercing but thin falsetto): I could show you one, sir.

Bignoise: Now, look here. Are you sure you understood? You are to show me a boy more dumb than you are.

Tiny Tim: O. K. It's the boy who won't subscribe to the 1930 Central High annual. (He laughs and almost falls off the knee of Bignoise.)

Bignoise: You think you are pretty good, don't you?

Tiny Tim: Uhuh!

Bignoise: Well, tell me something, Paul Revere. Have you subscribed for the 1930 Central High annual?

Tiny Tim: (He makes no reply, but appears to be asleep. He snores.)

Bignoise: (He shakes the little fellow, jiggles him around, pinches him, and finally awakes him with a good spanking.) I say, answer me. Have you bought your copy of the 1930 Central High annual?

Tiny Tim: No, I haven't! And what's more, I'm not going to.

Bignoise (to the audience): Just a minute, folks. Something seems to be wrong. (He takes out an oil can and oils up T. T.) Did I understand you to say you weren't going to buy one single annual?

Tiny Tim: That's O. K., sir!

Bignoise: For the love of Mike, why? Do you realize that you and I, old pal, are here to help sell annuals, and that if you don't buy a single copy, things won't go over so big. Do you realize that?

Tiny Tim: I do. I'm not going to buy a single copy of the annual.

Bignoise (takes out a handkerchief): This can't go on. The show is ruined. (He weeps.) Oh, why did I ever consent to come up here! I might have known something would go wrong.

Tiny Tim: That's great, old man. Give 'em the sob stuff.

Bignoise (ceasing his sobs): You want me to stop crying?

Tiny Tim: O. K.; I'm beginning to feel damp.

Bignoise: Now perhaps you'll reconsider and buy just *one* annual.

Tiny Tim: How do you get that stuff about *one* annual?

Bignoise: Well, it's only seventy-five cents.

Tiny Tim: That's why I'm not going to buy one. I intend to buy THREE!

(Both fall to the floor and stretcher bearers come in and lug them both out.)

Make necessary changes yourself about the name of the high school and the price of the annual. Additional conversation may be added.

**THAT YOU MAY KNOW.**

Questions arising in the field of SCHOOL ACTIVITIES and dealing with matters of interest to its readers will be answered through these columns. A stamped self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the inquiry if a personal reply is desired.

Can you suggest a plan for agreement by which we could allow our local American Legion basket ball team to use our school gymnasium for practice and games without a conflict with school interests?  
—J. J. M., Mich.

Any attempt you may make at such an arrangement will bring dangers, some of which you can hardly hope to escape. It is sometimes possible for non-school organizations to use school property without infringing upon school interests, but the risk is too great for us to venture a solution of your problem.

Where can we get material for our football banquet program?—E. K., Tex.

We do not find in our files anything particularly suited to use on the program at a football banquet. If you have "50 Successful Stunts" or any other good stunt book, with a little work you can adapt something to your needs on this particular occasion.

What of the practice of athletic goods houses who give sweaters to coaches who place orders with them?—A. D. C., Mo.

With no desire to be drawn into a controversy, here goes an opinion. Where it is an established and accepted custom for a school to buy a coaching uniform for its coach, a free sweater for him should have its proportionate bearing upon the bids of competing athletic goods supply houses. Where the sweater is for the personal use of the coach and does not remain school property, it takes on the appearance of a bribe and is poor business, to say the least.

On sound new educational thinking, get out or get in line.

**THE UNDER DOG**

I know that the world, that the great big world,  
From the peasant up to the king,  
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,  
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig  
If they say I am wrong or am right—  
I shall always go for the weaker dog,  
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great big world,  
Will never a moment stop  
To see which dog may be in the fault,  
But will shout for the dog on top.

But, for me, I never shall pause to ask  
Which dog may be in the right,  
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,  
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said, I had better not said,  
Or 't were better I had said it incog.,  
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,  
Here's a health to the bottom dog.

—Selected.

"Football teaches sportsmanship from three angles. It teaches sportsmanship between members of the same team; it teaches sportsmanship in the relation between coach and players; and it teaches sportsmanship between opponents. Being a game that is played at high tension, football teaches the sort of sportsmanship that stands up under fire."—Al Marsters.

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## Comedy Cues

For the READER who enjoys a laugh and who reads jokes for his own amusement.  
 For the ENTERTAINER who needs jokes and other humorous material out of which to produce comedy acts.  
 For the SPEAKER who in conversation or public address would liven up his remarks with humorous illustrations.

### Watch Your Step!

A young English teacher was going to a national convention, and was greatly bothered by the intoxicated condition of the man in the seat with her on the bus.

She sought out the conductor. "Do you permit drunken people to ride on this bus?" she asked.

"Well, lady," he replied, "it really is against our rules; but if you'll sit way back, and try to be as quiet as you can, I'll not mention it."

Sandy was sitting beside his wife's bedside. She knew she had to die, and she asked him to promise one thing.

"I know ye haven't been o'er-friendly with me father and mother; but I want ye, Sandy, for my sake, to ride with them to the funeral."

Sandy considered a long time. It was a bitter pill. Finally he said:

"Well, Maggie, I'll do it for yer sake. But I may as well confess, ye've practically spoiled the day for me!"

### An Exchange of Greetings.

A student, after reading the questions propounded in an examination on mathematics, wrote across the face of his paper, "The Lord knows the answers to these questions; I don't. Merry Christmas!" A few days later the paper was returned to him and scrawled in blue pencil below his own notation were the words, "The Lord gets 100; you get zero. Happy New Year."—*Oil Pull*

### No Artistic Touches Needed.

Butcher (to young wife ordering a chicken for the first time): "Shall I draw it for you, madam?"

Customer: "No, thanks; your description of it is quite sufficient."—*The Furrow*.

### Entirely Too Healthy.

Little nine-year-old Jo Ann came home from school one day looking very much disgusted. Her mother inquired as to the

cause and Jo Ann said: "O we had election of officers today and I was elected vice-president."

"Well, that's fine; why the downcast countenance?" asked mother.

"It would be fine," said Jo Ann, "but John, the healthiest boy in our room, was elected president and he's never sick, so what chance has the vice-president?"

A mountaineer who had never before seen a mirror, found one and looking into it exclaimed, "Well, here is a picture of my father who died years ago." In order to keep the picture, he put it under the mattress of his bed. Every day he looked at it and at last his wife happened to see him.

The next time she went into the bedroom, the wife, too, looked at it and cried, "So that's the hussy he's been running around with."—*World Call*.

### What About Lying?

"I've brought this pair of trousers to be reseated. You know, I sit a lot."

"Yes, and perhaps you've brought that last bill to be receipted, too. You know, I've stood a lot."—*Oil Pull*.

### Going Up.

Young Bragger: My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains.

Unsympathetic Listener: Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.—*Yale Record*.

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the gate after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman. "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in at this hour."—*American Legion Weekly*.

**Hoped for the Best.**

Judge: "I have listened very carefully to you, Mr. Brown, for an hour, but I am none the wiser."

Counsel (politely): "I hardly expected your honor to be, but I thought you might be better informed." — *The Humorist* (London).

Dealer (rushing into the newspaper office): "See here, you've published an announcement of my death by mistake. That's got to be fixed."

Editor: "Well, we never contradict anything we have published, but I'll put you in the births column tomorrow and give you a fresh start." — *Skelly News*.

**Aggrieved at Santa.**

The commercialized Santa who puts in his appearance a full month ahead of Christmas destroys the faith of little children.

"'Member what I tol' you t' bring me las' year—a automobile and airplane? 'Member what you brung me—jumpin' jack an' two oranges?" said an aggrieved seven-year-old to one of those street corner St. Nicks. "You do that this Christmas an' you'll git a crack in th' jaw!"

**Reward.**

A wealthy tourist lost his pedigreed dog while stopping in a small town. He inserted a lost ad in the newspaper, offering a reward of \$100.

The next day he went to the office to inquire, but no one was to be found except a janitor.

"Where the thunder is the newspaper force?" asked the tourist impatiently.

"They're all out," the janitor replied, "tryin' to find yer dog."

**Super-Selectivity.**

A group of traveling men were swapping lies about their radios in a Smith Center drug store. An old man had been listening silently.

"Got a radio, old man?" asked one of the drummers.

"Yeah," replied the old fellow. "I got a little two-tube affair. It's a pretty good one, though."

"Can you tune out these little stations with it?"

"Well, I was listening to a quartet the other night, an' I didn't like the tenor, so I just tuned him out and listened to the three of 'em." — *Hardware Age*.



# High School Stunt Show and Carnival

By Willard B. Canopy

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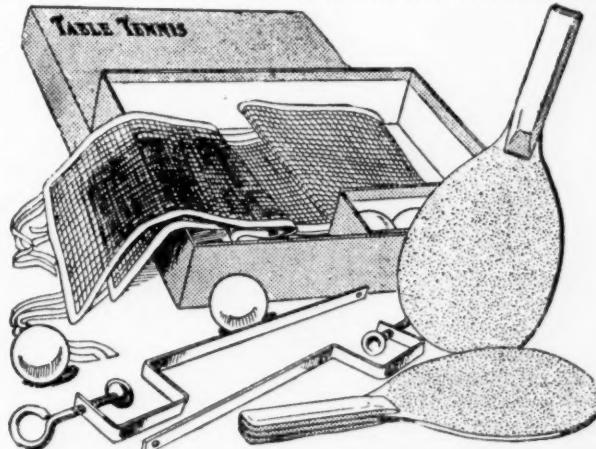
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